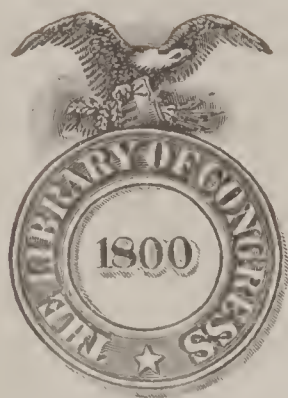


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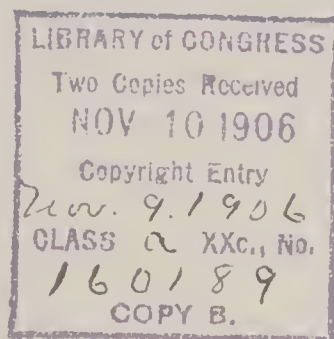
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THE
VOLUME OF YOUTH

AND OTHER POEMS

A. W. BLANCHARD

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1906



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1906

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THE VOLUME OF YOUTH

As I sat one lonely evening
By the still firelight's glow,
Pondering over my bereavements
Of the years of long ago.
It only added to the stillness,
With a timid feeling of gloom,
And my heart grew more restless
As through the shutters peeped the moon;
The wind whistled low its moaning
And every crevice and sliver queaked,
But it only added to that lonely longing
That makes a sad heart weep.

What makes our hearts more sad and lonely
When the best of our lives we've seen;
'Then we dwell upon the past and that only
When we think what we might have been.
But life is bound with so many mistakes,
For the bubble of fortune does come and go,
And those that have, they feel so great,
It only adds grief to another's woe.
But fortune is not all the pleasure,
As those might think who do not know,
For there may be some little hidden treasure
That might forever burn thy bosom's core.

I guided my life by promised gifts
From the scenes of pleasure spoken,
But I soon found out that I was left,
And those vows were forever broken.
Like nights that grew dark and dreary,
Or like some haunted dungeon place,

My heart then grew more weary,
For I saw no friendly face.
For those to me that used to smile—
It would have been better had I never knew—
For now, it is only to chase some other's style
And court a friendship new.

But to pursue a friendship new,
Either domestic or foreign,
And to cherish a heart that is not true
Might lead your own to do wrong.
But to cherish a heart that is true
'Tis there the vine of virtue climbs;
Then a life of pleasure we can pursue
And a happy home be thine,
For women with the truest breast
With the love of virtue are pleased;
They are like birds that build their nests,
And offspring bring them love and ease.

What does more exhaust man's force,
Or what will more enslave the mind,
And change his life to a different course,
With pleasures of different kind?
For to break that mount of hope,
That does so untrain the mind,
It brings to man the bitterest stroke
That ever turned the wheel of time.
But from the early tide of man
It does so often point its ways
From some love's promised hand
That breaks the nuptial day.

For we are broken from the bars of fortune
And from homeward we are cast,
For life is but a misfortune
And we forever wear the mask.
But to the world and all its duties,
Or to the bright sun that shines,
Heaven must glow all in beauty,
For this earth seems but crime.
We are all doomed by the same creation,
But the way of the transgressor seems hard;
But it may be only our imagination
For we all yield to the same merciful God.

What is life and all its treasures
If all the world we should own?
It wouldn't make home a pleasure
Unless you have some heart to warm your own.
For people make such grave mistakes
In the violation of nature's laws;
They never find it out until it is too late
To ever mend the cause.
For what is home without children
And for them to clamber upon your knee,
And to see them play and have their fun
And see yourself as you used to be.

For we can never recall that youth,
And our faults are the most we feel,
But to us you couldn't tell that truth
Which now we can reveal.
But, oh, that glow of youth that has passed!
That promised love can never be redeemed,

But that heart that broke that clasp
 May feel as I have been,
And what such hearts may feel
 Others cannot express;
And those woes can never be healed
 Until life's sun has set.

When I retrace my faulted steps
 As many others have traced,
It seems as no others so sorely wept
 And so early fell from the pride of grace.
For when I was but a mere boy
 And with my playmates I used to play,
Then one of my most simple toys
 Was sweeter than now the banquet day;
Then we had nothing to retrace,
 'The future was all its own,
And the past couldn't look back with that disdain-
 ful face,
 Which I have reaped and sown.

Oh, that tender look and loving kiss
 Which once I did adorn,
Which gave to me such happy bliss,
 Is now forever gone.

But what will add more to that heart's relief
 In this world of woeful song,
Than to woo a heart you can believe
 That never has done no wrong.

For that only adds to the trueness
 In that hope of love's divine
And adds to the pleasures renewing
 And leaves the past behind.

Oh, if I had never loved !

Better it might have been too,
Then I would never have known the follies
That oftentimes lovers do.

For I was loved and jilted
And it was to me my last adieu,
For I was plucked and wilted
And never again bloomed anew.

But I still scan my eagle eye
To the vile act of human creed,
But now I only smile and pass them by
As warriors guide their steed.

But, oh, upon me how it has worn!
Like the walls of time,
For it's awful hard to heal a sore
That's inflicted on the mind.
For when the grass comes in the spring
And the roses unfold their buds,
And the little birds so sweetly sing
All in the spring of love;
'Tis then I feel that withered hope
That does so nag the mind,
And every little bird's sweet voice and note
Only adds grief to my decline.

For if I had only had offspring,
Even one to call my own,
Then when I'd hear that tender voice sing
It would help to sooth my own.
But to take some one I don't want,
Too oft' such lives we see,

You'll find many a broken heart
That is dragged down in the woes of misery;
But to marry in the trueness of love and virtue,
Then offspring a pleasure would be,
Then in God's law we have done our duty
And a mother's heart is free.

For then my love was not a love of passion,
Nor of wrong nor of disgrace;
I thought not of the world's foolish fashion,
Only in love's sweet embrace.
For I was then as tender as the rose
That blooms in early May,
And was as soft as the first falling snows
That soon melts away.
But, oh, youth! those allotted dreams
I would then only smile to tell;
Then earth was all a heavenly scene
Where 'ere my heart did dwell.

Oh, the tempting tide of youth
Which long has passed,
And the one who should have been true
Still wears the mask.
Still she carries the same and fair uplifted sail,
But in secrecy she wears a veil
Which burns to the heart like a smothered flame
Which can't be quenched by tears nor changing
name.
And yet as fair as she may be
I care not even for her to see,
For her wrongs are as deep as the sea
That brooded to me the woes of misery.

And now for me to unveil that sorrow
Which was once love's sweet embrace,
It only haunts the thoughts of tomorrow
And adds to my own disgrace.
For whenever I see that love's embrace
Then my early scenes it does recall
And when I see my old and wrinkled face
Then all hope is gone.
But, oh, youth! those early departed hours
Are now but scenes of the past,
They are like new blown flowers
That have withered before the blast.

Then what's the use for me to weep, my darling,
For the wrong which thou hast done,
For it has only taught me a warning
To shun the foolish and fickle tongue.
There is so many a pretty face and fickle brain
That wear those deceitful smiles
And leave so many a home in disgrace and shame
And leaves many a homeless and motherless child.
So 'tis better that I have learned thee
Before we were joined as one,
For then if thou had deceived me
A greater wrong thou would have done.

But now, to all of my readers,
Or to whom this may concern,
That a life like this you'll have to lead
Or otherwise a lesson learn.
For there, the young, the old and the feeble,
Or the greatest men of estate,

They all have their share of trouble
And make many a mistake.
But there's many that die from love that's withered,
Many a true and honest one,
From this world's pleasures they are driven
By the faults of another one.



LIFE IS BUT A DREAM.

Oh, what have I to regret
In all these earthly scenes,
For half we know we do forget,
And life is but a dream.

As through the world we pass,
It leaves but a forgotten scene,
And to chase back o'er the past,
It seems that life is but a dream.

When I look to my future years,
As my past I have seen,
I wipe away a regretful tear
And say life is but a dream.

Now, soon this withered form
Will pass beyond this theme,
But still I feel no fear
For life is but a dream.

Then what have I to regret
In all these earthly scenes;
For all we know we do forget
And life is but a dream.

TO THINE.

Oh, that tender cheek of thine
Which once resembled the autumn glow,
Which was once all the hope of mine,
Is now but a living woe.

Oh, those early joyful spells
That used to speed away the day,
Now those scenes I can only tell,
For they have withered to decay.

Oh, youth, it was then so sweet
To gaze o'er those skies above,
Oh, could I my youth again repeat
And tell those tales of love.

When that heart would so fondly give
That soft cheek that would press mine,
Oh, then how sweet it was to live
When the heart knew no crime.

Oh, were that cheek again the same
That would paint the autumn skies,
It would free my heart from this burning pain
And dry the tears from my eyes.

Now sorrow and age have told the tale
And grief has been my only blow,
But what others may avail,
Alas, mine must go.

MORE THAN ONE.

Oh, how sweet it was to love
When first love begun,
But you'll find it's as true as the heavens above
That you'll find woes more than one.

When time steals the bud of youth
And our bloom is gone,
It tells us many a truth—
That woes are more than one.

But time from the frailest wings
Is sure to pass on,
Then we think love is a fickle thing,
And we'll find woes more than one.

Had we not been so soon beguiled
And so fond to love,
Then we might have fancied some other's smile
And still found woes more than one.

Nor matter what we do,
Nor who is the precious one,
For the sweetest love is not always true
And will find woes more than one.

But in the sweetest age of fancy,
If you had millions when you begun,
You will find marriage is but chancery,
And you will find woes more than one.

So make the best of this,
Whether in sorrow or in song,
For there are none so truly blessed
But what have woes more than one.

But to look at those in the highest life,
We know not their home,
But we always fancy some other's life,
But still they have woes more than one.

For they have cares that we know not,
As numerous as the shadows of the sun,
For happiness is never bought,
For we all have woes more than one.

For life is but a fickle thing
And trouble, it has no end,
For those feelings will linger still
And will make woes more than one.



THOU SHOULD NOT.

Thou should not feed on woes
For it is not a gift,
It is like where reptiles grow,
Which should not exist,
For feeding those woes
Is like making reptiles siss;
It only haunts the flow
And broods unhappiness.

IS IT PEACE?

Oh, come, now let us wait
Where no sorrow we will know,
For we will soon be at the gate
Where peace and happiness flow.

For there is peace and love
Beyond the other shore,
For in the heavens above
Is peace forevermore.

With all our earthly joys,
Or with all our sorrows and woes,
We weren't put here to destroy
What little we know.

We were put here to make and take
The peace of God's will,
And his laws not to break,
But only to fulfill.

With all the time that is past,
Or with all the knowledge unknown,
We can't help but see the peace
That blooms upon the throne.

Oh, how soon will it pass,
When joys and woes will cease,
And how soon will be the last
When I can have my peace.

IN THE DEEP.

From the pitiful grave
 Shadowed by the glittering moon,
And now his sins are saved,
 Hidden by that tomb.

But in that everlasting sleep,
 Oh, that feeling of gloom,
But with the silence of the deep,
 Hidden by that tomb.

It may be by that blessed sleep
 That we pass this world of gloom,
For no sorrow heaven keeps
 When we're hidden by that tomb.

Ah, break from the darkest night,
 From this land of worry,
Where he sees the heavenly light,
 And woes are wrapped in glory.

Like the twinkling of a star,
 'Tis but a moment here we linger,
Then we are forever there,
 And our bones with dust must mingle.

Oh, the great superior!
 And why should hope decline,
This earth is but a hidden pier
 For a mark of heaven divine.

THOSE DAYS OF OLD.

The day is stormy, both dark and cold,
It brings to me a sadder thought
Of those days of old.

As I sit within my window glass
That shields from me the wintry blast
And the snow falls both thick and fast
And like by hundreds pass;
The day is stormy, both dark and cold,
It brings to me a sadder thought
Of those days of old.

Once my life I loved, and yet so true
As once a maid, a maid I knew,
Yet so false and untrue,
Like the birds of the air so far has flew.
The day is stormy, both dark and cold,
It brings to me a sadder thought
Of those days of old.

My life is sad, both dark and cold,
It brings to me a sadder and more melancholy
thought

Of those days of old.

From within my heart it can never part;
Within my hand a clasp I hold,
Within the vision of my eyes
I see those days of old.

The day is stormy, both dark and cold,
It brings to me a sadder thought
Of those days of old.

There is no sweet repose in life, I know,
For, like the wintry blast, it fell both thick and
fast,
Both from friends and foes,
With misery and woe of those days of long ago.
The day is stormy, both dark and cold,
It brings to me a sadder thought
Of those days of old.

But oh, and oh, how can it be,
When locks are gray on which we see,
And no one can friendly be,
No one to share with me my company,
But everything so dark and desolate,
My heart is on unbounded fate.
The day is stormy, both dark and cold,
It brings to me a sadder thought
Of those days of old.

Oh stop, sad heart, let those days depart,
It was but within thy stream of life,
And with no thoughts of woe,
My heart in happiness then did flow;
We all must see some days of old.
The day is stormy, both dark and cold,
It brings to me a sadder thought
Of those days of old.



THE INFERIOR MAN.

Little and yet littler contains,
Thy brow wears the mark of shame.

PLANTING CORN.

We'er putting in the seed
To bring forth the responsible weed,
And we hope it will give us all we need,
Yes we do, indeed.

If nature does well all its parts,
So happily then we can live,
Then more open would feel our hearts
That to poor orphans we might give.

Springtime is but a rustle and bustle,
'Tis late at night and early in the morn,
This life is but a weary and dreary hustle,
Yes, when we are planting corn.

But yet I still like to farm,
For that is about all I know,
But I am so pressed in nature's arms
And so I'll hoe the row.

For we are all like a bed of ants,
But are not as industrious,
Some do more than their part
While others will shirk.

Some are always finding fault
With nature and with nature's laws,
And some will laugh and talk
While others will jaw.

What is the use to be always finding fault
In what we are given,
For 'tis but our only lot
And in nature's laws we are driven.

So in nature's laws
We might as well be content,
For the world a living owes
And our lives are shortly spent.

So pass not on this too much,
Nor on pleasures nor on pride,
Nor that all this world is chance and luck,
Nor that fortune always smiles.

But be as thou should be
And within thy self never forsake,
While in wealth or poverty,
Let it be little or great.



CHARACTER.

I was born in disgrace and poverty
To die in shame,
For that seems to be the character
Of all my name.

So unfortunate are we
To many births that's given,
So oft' they are damned
And like cattle driven.

There are such few that have
The finer part of man,
So oft' they're frowned to scorn
From poverty's hand.

A DRUNKEN FOOL.

Here is a man that is drunk
And such a pity too,
For he stinks worse than a skunk
And looks like the devil too.

There are many men endowed by nature
And educated too—
Oh, how foolish was our creator
To make such a fool as you.

Fools are many and plenty,
And smart men will get drunk too,
By scores more than twenty,
And are smarter men than you.

But a drunken man will get sober
And go on with whatever he has to do,
But a damn fool never knows nothing,
No matter what you do.



AN EPIC TO FOOLS

He thinks he knows, and knows it all,
But he knows nothing, nothing at all;
He is only wise in his own conceit,
Fools always blab and nothing keep;
The mind that knows and does not speak
Can see the blunders of conceit.

MY LOVE.

So fair your fields
And green your woods,
They look so sweetly;
How much again I would give
For my love to greet me.

But nature is pressing me on,
For again I will never see you,
But there is a remembrance
Still lingers in my heart,
When you loved me so fondly.

For so fondly were those lips
That I used to press,
But now some other does
Which is wrongly,
To which I did dearly press.



SPRINGTIME

The flowers bloom in love
And shine as bright as the stars above,
Then why should we doubt our creator
That all is love.

The trees open their leaves
From the robes of springtime,
Then everything has relief
Even to the woodbine.

And the birds begin to sing,
And the grass gets green o'er the ground,
And the squirrels play all around,
All with the love of springtime.

TO THE GRAVE OF CHAS. H. PAGE.

I saw them heap thy grave with clay and soil,
But we'll plant the flowers with love and toil,
And with deep regret to him who has gone,
That we have loved and loved so long.

We'll watch that grave and keep it clean,
For he who lies there in that silent dream,
Who, on earth no more will ne'er be seen,
But in heaven he is both white and clean.

As the seasons do both come and go,
And flowers there will bloom to let us know,
That there lies a friend that is as cold as snow,
That once to us was sweeter than the hawthorne blow.

But now, what cares he as he lies in that cold and silent
tomb,
Whether flowers or not o'er his grave may bloom,
For he hath gone to a more heavenly place to rest,
Where angels may sing and God may bless.

How long will it be before we will again meet at some
silent tomb,
Where we will have the same feeling of sadness and of
gloom,
Where we'll bow our hats and tears we'll shed
For the love and respect of the dead.

THE POOR ONES.

The hot blazing sun
With all its rage
Impresses on the poor ones
When in toils they are engaged.

But the poor ones have to work,
The rich lie in the shade,
And they care not for his sake,
But take what little is made.

Oh, the poor and the depressed,
The weary toilsome ones,
If there's any that should be blessed
They are those that toil in the sun

There is the great millionaire,
The kings of high estate,
They care not for their fellowmen,
Only make their wealth more great.

The poor are looked at with disgrace,
The rich are bowed to with honor,
For the poor there is no place,
Only the weary toils of others.

But only from the lapse of time
And wars of peace
For the inhuman mind,
Will it ever cease?

AN AGED MAN.

I met an aged man
One cold December day,
He had a bundle in his hand,
And his hair was gray.

The wind was wild and bleak,
And he went tottering on,
I saw a tear upon his cheek
And his face was decked with scorn.

Why should man in his declining age
To be forced on so,
Why should nature in its rage
Brood to man such a woe.

But from the love of follies
It is there man loiters his prime,
With nature's laws he bothers
Which broods to him the crime.

Why does man in his youthful age
Loiter away the best of his time,
For we suffer in our older age
From the follies of our prime.

Is it from the vile and unmanly cause
That which is forced upon thee,
Or is it from nature's laws
That broods the woes of misery.

With all the knowledge of nature's breast
Why did she then create man so?
Why didn't she have a land of pleasures blest,
And not had this, a land of woe?

Why then should man be to blame
For the way he does?
Nature had ought to be ashamed
To give a man such a dose.

For this life is but an invisible woe
And is bound by the wars of sorrow,
For about all we know is that we come and go
The same as the flowers blow.



UNTRUE AFFECTIONS

We pour out the tide of our affections
With all our love and grace;
With the false actions of nature,
We bind ourselves with the faith.
Like a summer's smoothest waters,
A storm does soon disturb,
We find the snare of love is a bother
And our actions are plainer than words.
But the most of the affections
Is but a false and fickle thing,
And love is no longer a blessing,
But a burden without wings.
So oft' we are the fools of follies
And we are so blind we cannot see,
We think love is an unrivaled joy,
And it is as pure as a virgin's dream.

REMEMBRANCE OF CHILDHOOD DAYS.

I remember my childhood days
When so happily I used to play,
But I can now only loiter back
And rest my memory there.

I remember those trees that used
To put forth their greenwood shroud,
And turn from that to golden brown,
Then life was a golden crown.

Oh, can you recall those distant days
When under the trees we used to play,
And our hearts so quickly did obey
To those that have gone and passed away?

I remember those flowers that used to bloom
Along the walk that entered thy room,
And see the friendly faces of all,
Tears like a time from my eyes do fall.

I wonder yet, and think there still
Of those green valleys and lofty hills;
Those hills yet remain, the valley is green the same,
But that which has passed and gone is what presses our
hearts to pain.

I remember that window of east,
The woodbine that brought forth its greenwood leaves,
Both from a warm sunshine and springward breeze,
Shades all through the bright blue day;
But autumn soon steals them away,
And to and fro stings them with their wind and snow.

The woodbine still remains
And shades there o'er its window panes,
It has no friends to either lose or gain,
Neither no blot or stain to its name.

I remember that apple tree that used to bloom
With the sweet perfume of the bright May moon,
Dressed in all its finest array,
Bore fruit to be ate on some cold wintry day.

As around the hearth they quietly sat
Not one in number would be forgot,
Yet whether warm or cold
Within their hearts they always hold.



THE BANKS OF THE RIVER.

I sat on the banks of the river
For I had a little time to loiter,
So I sat and gazed in the water.
While gazing I began to think and ponder
That life was a wonder.
While loitering back to my early life
It told me the truth,
That I had spent the best days in my youth.
Oh, what would I give again to live
Back o'er that roam of life?
But that is gone,
Like the river sings its morning song
And all pleasures from me have departed,
For I feel sad and broken hearted.

MY ANNA BELLE.

How I love your tree of shade,
With all your orbs of green,
There I long for my bed to be made,
In that everlasting dream.

Down where those brooklets run,
In those living dells,
There's where we told our tales of love,
Oh, my sweet Anna Belle.

So oft she pressed me to her breast,
And with kisses that were so sweet,
But now she lies there, cold at rest,
With marble at her head and feet.

But I often go and visit that spot,
In the sweet love, that has gone,
Which I can never forget
As the day is long.

But that place has not changed
Nor either have those dells,
But my heart sighs in pain
For my sweet Anna Belle.

But love is a tender feeling
When to the heart it is given,
It has all the hope of life to live
And all the pleasures of earth and heaven.

Oh, sweet, sweet was the day
When we played down by the dells,
But now, sad, sad is the day,
For, oh, my sweet Anna Belle.

IN THE FALL.

My life is now in the fall
And I feel the autumn breeze,
For I have but little hope at all
For the hearts I tried to please.

But the green leaf of my youth
Is turning that now to brown,
But I know it is but true
For I heed that mournful sound.

To nurse this earth of hope,
What more can be the mound,
For there is but few words that are spoke,
And then they lay me down.

A man's friends are but few
And less when you know them all,
There is hardly one that is true,
They are like visions on the wall.

A man is not missed here much
From the mass of the multitude,
He is only like a grain of sand
And is less in his pursuit.

But hope is always springing forth,
Like the flowers of the spring,
But autumn soon changes its coat,
And death is the sting.

THAT WHICH WE KNOW NOT.

The sun was made to rise and set,
And shine the live long day,
The night was made to rule the rest
And hide the tricks of human ways.

For there's many a scene that we know not,
That are hidden from the day,
And there's many a hope that would be broke
If the curtain was pulled away.

There's many a heart that's bound by hope,
With the trueness of love unknown,
And if the truth it should be spoke
It would ruin many a home.

It may be better that we know not
That which is hidden away,
What the eyes don't see the heart grieveth not,
So let the devil play.



TO EACH OTHER.

With so many a temptation
Our morals we do abuse,
And is there any damnation
That is worse than the truth?
For girls will grow to women,
And boys will grow to men,
And they love to hug each other
And think it no sin.

TOO LATE.

Ah, alas, it is too late,
The bloom of life is gone,
I can see where I've made my mistake
And where I've done wrong.

For now I have no home,
No place to call my own,
It is all in a frantic roam,
And no one to sooth nor mourn.

If I had have had children,
It is more than money can own,
I could have lived in a wilderness,
And yet I would have had a home.

There are no smiles to greet me
And none to mark thy father's face,
And there is no one to kiss me
And none to fill thy place.

Oh, what is this life
When sorrow and age has worn?
'Tis nothing but toils and strife,
Then all hope of life is gone.

Oh, had I then in youth
The pleasure in life to adorn,
Then the little ones could tell the truth
Of a father's happy home.

THE LOVE OF YOUTH.

It was where the wild roses bloomed,
It was where life was sweeten'd with all its perfume,
It was where the crystal waters flowed,
It was where the first joys of life we knew,
It was where we knew no sorrow nor grief,
It was where our lives were like the new born leaf.

It was where the high notes of the whippoorwill were heard,
It seemed softer to us than sweet whispered words,
It was there we heard the distant coyotes bark,
With a silent and tender ear we'd hark,
And the silvery moon would throw its shadows dark,
It would seem almost to soften and melt our hearts.

It was there we had no life to regret,
No joys nor woes to forget,
But everything was all in sweet communion,
And love was all the union;
But everything will be within the time of truth,
Man's tombstone is written upon his youth.



DRONE.

Only those that have the heart of a drone
Can live always and be unknown,
For those that sit and mope and rust away
Are but little use to the human ways.

THE WIND.

The wind it whistles,
I hear the mournful sound,
It makes me think of the misery
And those dear ones that are gone.

Oh, home was so dear
When we all gathered around,
I wipe away many a tear
And heed that mournful sound.

But once when we are parted,
The same again can never be,
Yet we feel sad and broken hearted,
For the dear ones we cannot see.

Oh, what is this dreary world
When all pleasures of home are gone?
I have heard it so often told,
But now I heed the mournful sound.



THISTLES.

Thistles may bloom at the door,
Yet rain drops will spatter
And wide o'er the world will scatter
Yet we know not tomorrow
What the day may be of sorrow.

OH MIND, WHY DOST THOU WEEP?

Oh, mind, why dost thou weep
And in silence dost thou keep
In the love thou dost endure?
Why then don't thee take the cure?
Where love is innocent, love is pure.

Once in my youth love I tried,
It seemed like to bury itself away,
Yet all my affections have not died,
And yet it was more than all the living rays
To spoil the bud, blights the future love and turns it ashy
gray.

I've wondered and seen, yea, more I have felt,
Yet it has impoverished me in wealth,
And my brow wears that mark of sorrow's pain,
But let that pass for which has passed can never be again,
Love will either heal in happiness or break in pain.

I know my mind like in madness weeps,
And that's why I so vainly hold,
For such deceit upon my mind does never sleep,
Yet I know I am growing gray and old,
It's more oft' times felt than told.

Yet ne'er shall I ask thee to wipe my scornful and sullen
brow,
Ne'er shall I turn back to kiss or even with thee to bow,
For life is but a shadow, and love is but one of the rays,
It only sweetens the thoughts of tomorrow and vanishes
the day,
Sorrow is but the contempt of day,
Is there pleasure when we leave this moulded clay?

TO BOBBIE BURNS.

There was Bobbie Burns, a great man,
And in mind he did expand;
He told to all the world
All the beauty of this land.

He would make woes look sweet,
He could make joys look dark,
His mind it was complete
With the music of a lark.

He told them the humble truth,
Both the good and the bad,
But humanity did him abuse,
And that was what made him sad.

But the ignorance of the world
Bobby did despise,
For the inhuman part of the soul,
Both the weak and the wise.

He was a poet by nature
And his name will live forever,
For he beautified all the nation,
Like all the flowers of earth and heaven.

But poor Bobbie died
When in years he was young,
But the world can never deny
The beauty of his tongue.

He had all the beauty of the flowers,
And all the beauty of nature he did bless,
While in his few leisure hours
And damned all the rest.

But I've kissed many a poet's thought,
They lie deep buried in my soul,
But to the common world both die and rot,
Yet they are more precious than gold.



GOOD THOUGHTS.

Good thoughts and smiling words
Make a pleasant family o'er the wide world,
For death upon all does so slowly creep,
'Tis but a mere dream of sleep.

But the wild roses will bloom o'er our graves,
And there the honey bee will sup his fill
And fly o'er this wide world of will,
But God's hand upon thee will never chill.



THE BUG.

Oh, ye bugs that creep and crawl
And life never sprawl,
But crawls to the tops of dungs of walls,
Face all streaked with haste,
No thought of disgrace,
But everything within its place.
There goes the fly, off o'er its merry chase,
Sups its fill whene'er it finds its place;
Then the toad comes along with a sprawl,
Lops his jaw and takes it all.

THE MAIDEN

Oh, maiden, what haunts thy mind?
That which is thine
Which is sacred
From all mankind.

My character is sacred,
My virtue it is true,
Which I never will forsake,
Not for the likes of you.

My feelings are those of greatness,
And my feelings are true,
But your feelings are not the same
As my feelings are for you.

I'll always protect
My character and my name,
Which man seldom does respect,
But usually damns the same.

For a man has no feelings
For womankind,
Only for his own revealings
That leads them blind.

If a man had more feelings
And was more true,
The world would be better off,
By more than thousands too.

We'er both put here equal,
With a mode of life to do,
And not to be so wicked,
But live more true.

For a woman was my mother,
And I believe her true,
For she is more dear than all the others,
And I respect her too.

Now, respect thy mother
Above everything else on God's earth,
For she with love and beauty
Has given thee thy birth.



ON THE DEATH OF MY DARLING BABY.

So fare the well, my little darling,
For thou hast left me all alone,
But, oh, so hard was your lot
And so cold now your spot.

As one by one thy mourners did part,
And left thee alone in that cold graveyard lot,
But once you was all my heart,
Now thou liest forever to rot.

So oft' thy little fingers around mine have entwined,
And with those little arms so oft' would embrace,
Those little lips so softly would press mine,
With those sweet smiles upon thy face.

But now those little lips are cold, cold,
Both numb and stiff are those little arms,
But again I can never kiss,
For those smiles are forever gone.

It was on the seventeenth day of September,
Yes, upon that dreadful day,
So oft' I do remember
When from me thou forever passed away.

He was just two years old
Upon that dreadful day,
So oft' in my arms I used to hold,
But he is now coldly wrapped in clay.

But oh, so hard was your lot,
And now so cold your spot,
And from thee I must depart
And leave thee there forever to rot.

Oh, but now, grief and sorrow,
Thy lot seems to be all mine,
Yet, there may be something in tomorrow,
But today all hope looks blind.

If I have no soul, I'll have no woes nor worries,
But if he has a soul he is now wrapped in glory,
But what have I got left me now but this,
A bundle of woes without a kiss.



THOUGHTS OF LIFE.

My heart still beats and palpitates,
My mind still thinks and cooperates,
But the blood to my brain does both ebb and burn,
For there are thoughts I can never spurn.

THE RIVER.

Oh, the river
That is so long and deep,
Thou art a fine giver,
But a cold receiver.

I know of two little boys
That was fast at play
And were full of joy
That you swept away.

They were mere infants
And thought of no harm,
And were just as innocent
As the day is long.

It was when your banks
Were snowy white,
Then you buried them deep,
Far out of sight.

But you had no word
To give or say,
But went on with your force and merge
And swept them away.

But they were found
Long, long ago,
Near some joining town
By those who didn't know.

But now they lay by your banks,
In their long, long sleep,
But you forced them to such ranks
From your waters deep.

TO DOCKIE.

It was in the stillness of the night,
In those hidden hours,
There they were wrapped in each others delight
And their kisses rained like showers.

But their passion was hidden within
Like some unseen rose,
And they turned their virtue to sin,
And took their sweet repose.

But with all their stillness,
And with the untold time,
He walked in with all his trueness,
And saw the brood of crime.

But bound by all the bars of faith,
And love was his decree,
But what will more condemn his race
When love is but misery.

As they lie slumbering close together,
As bare as all creation,
A man can't deny his mother,
But could slay a nation.

He bowed all in love's sweetness,
And the follies of youth were gone,
But he found he loved in weakness,
As time pressed him on.

Had he not have loved so truly,
He would not have loved so blind,
He thought all love was true,
And as his, was as kind.

What is as sweet or as tender
As the wedlock of youth,
Then, to have a man put asunder
And rob virtue's truth.

For once those vows are rent
The same again can never be,
And their lives are but in misery spent
And they feel the burden of society.

Oh, how sweet a man must feel
When all that true love is his own,
Then for some other man to steal
The virtue of his home.

Then that sweet murmur of life is gone,
It is but a deep hidden woe,
And those kisses are but a thorn
And will burn thy bosom's core.

For it is but a weary pang of woe,
With a dark embrace of sorrow,
And there's nothing that can flow
That will break the tide of sorrow.

For there are so few that know
That death it has no foe,
And that such living woes
Are worse than dead sorrows.

For once those ties are broken
The bond of affection is gone,
It seems like a coming resurrection
To force a right to wrong.

For that sweet hope of youth
From me has been stolen away
From my own knowledge of truth,
Which withers my heart to decay.

Even the eagle will take its flight
And scan the skies above,
To feed and protect its young
In a home of love.

But when virtue's love is gone,
Life is but a weary pang,
It is only a curse to man,
And we are never the same again.



WARM HEARTED.

There were many warm and true hearted
Who look sad and cold,
From whom like death has departed,
Which makes them look sad and old.



THOU WERT NOT.

The love of youth,
The frailest woes
Of the human heart.
But when in youth
How little we know
Which thou wert not.

NATURE WILL ASK NO MORE.

Why should we weep and mourn
For what we can't procure,
For nature never means no harm,
So we might as well endure.
For moss will grow on the coldest rock
And the tide will wash the shore,
And everything was made to do its part,
And nature will ask no more.

For life is but like a rain drop
And it is as momentary,
For it's little time we have here to stop,
So what's the use to worry.
Still we live in the deepest hope,
Our pleasures we do adore,
And when we do a wrong we do regret,
And nature will ask no more.

We all have a place to fulfill,
No matter what our lot may be,
But to some this earth it is a hell,
While others live in glee.
But all of our ancestry
That have passed on before
They lay now forever at rest,
And nature will ask no more.

The trees they shed their leaves
And sink away to rest,
They go back to their mother earth
For others to progress.

Everything is painted by nature's gift,
And our fate it is no more
And we the same are laid to rest,
And nature will ask no more.

But in all nature's life
There is many a curious scene,
But there never was a birth without a strife,
Nor a mountain without a drain;
For the moss will grow on the coldest rock,
And the tide will wash the shore,
And everything was made to do its part
And nature will ask no more.



OCTOBER DAY.

This is a fine October day,
And the leaves are falling to decay,
And the little birds have left their nests
And have flown far away.

And the hazy sun of the October day,
Throws its shadows o'er the fields that look so gray,
And the flowers have all passed away.
And the summer fruits have gone to decay.

Then comes on the cool and chilly nights,
And paints the fields with its glittering white;
And so the seasons do progress and go,
The same as man wheels away his life of woe.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

They had a golden wedding,
And a jolly time had they,
For it has been just fifty years
Since their wedding day.

And now their wedded life
It has been a great success,
They have lived true as man and wife,
And who can be better blessed.

Their friends were invited—
All but a very few—
They had better been invited
Than to have been slighted too.

For some of their friends that they left
They were just as true
Where they ate their wedding dinner,
They had better been invited too.

But it was all in a mixup,
Too much like an Irish stew,
And that is why they slighted
Such as me and you.

Oh, but they were like rags and tags,
And like bummers with jags,
And fools and cripples,
All mixed up in a bag.

SUNSHINE.

Oh, bright was the sunshine
That has passed away,
But now dark is the sorrow
That is pressed on us today.

But we still remember
Of those bright sunflowery days
It seems like only tomorrow,
But those days are far away.

And those days are never
To ever return again
Yet we try to endeavor
But our heart only breaks with pain.

When we think of those flowers
That used to bloom down the lane
Where we have so often played,
Where we never will again.

But life is like the flowers
That bloom in the spring time,
But we fade from our bloom as soon
Like the October's chilly nights.

It decks our brow with sorrow
And paints our heads as white
Yet we still cling for tomorrow
But our life has gone to blight.

But still we have the power to forget and give.
A life of love, a life to live
And we have the power to make or break
Some one else's sad misfortune.

MY PARTING FROM LIZZIE.

Shall this be forever our parting
And our tears like dewdrops dried away.
We feel sad and broken hearted
When e'er we remember that day.

When we met with so many a kiss and caress
It would seem to cheer up our hearts,
And our feelings we would both dearly bless
Whene'er we had to part.

So oft' thou has laid thy face against mine
And tears from thine eyes in mine have fell,
And whispered to me sweet words of love,
Sweeter than tongue can tell.

Should we again ever meet,
Yet we'er far, far away,
Yet remembrance will always be sweet,
Oh, my dearest Lizzie.



LOVERS' BLISS.

Girlhood joy and boyhood great,
If you love one another never forsake,
But join your hands and two by two you must stand
To help one another through earthly troubles if you can
But earthly troubles at times seem greater than life,
But days will pass through every strife,
Like the violet that blooms and fades away,
And so goes life and so goes day by day.

TIME.

Everything changes
From time to place,
From woes or happiness,
Or wrinkles on thy face.

But, oh, the lapse of time
Tells of many a tale
From some hidden crime
Or some mysterious trail.

Some are striving in vain
And trying to make,
Some are dying in pain
For happiness that others take.

For some are eager to take
Which belongs to others,
Their fellowmen they will forsake,
And rob their mother.

Some will murder,
Some will rob
For a few furloins of money,
And then bless the Lord.

Oh, what is this life
To a poor and honest man,
Nothing but toils and strife
And woes to the end.

Immortal ones, how they will scringe
When they meet the judgment day
To settle for their sins,
For they have many to pay.

For if there is a God
Then he will bless
The poor and honest one
And damn all the rest.



WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am dead
Not much about me will be said
Of my freaks of nature,
When I am dead.

I will soon be forgotten
And left behind,
Whether my deeds be good or rotten
To the human kind.

But from o'er this life of trouble
I will strive to do the best I can,
For it fades like a bubble
Or flies like chaff in your hand.

But from the mark of my grave
They will carve my name
To the goodness which I gave
Which will leave some mark of fame.

And from the good old times
Which we have lived
And have left behind
All we can give.

We left to our offsprings
And left our life anew,
Which is the greatest thing
For all the world to do.

For soon will be the day
When my aged frame will lay,
Then my offspring can sing and play
When I am wrapped in clay.



PRIDE.

I'll bow my hat, I'll bend my knee
To those that bow, and bow to me,
It must be high life that they see,
The reason they don't bow, and bow to me.
Thousands better in common sense may be,
'Tis but money that they see,
For money to humanity 'tis but a heaver,
One of the greatest and fondest deceivers;
But money, pride and passion
Seem to rule all the fashion.
Yet I value it but little worth,
There are thousands cut off of their senses at birth,
For one good original thought
Is worth more than a thousand bought.
So I'll bow my hat, I'll bend my knee,
To those that bow and bow to me.

A TROUBLED HEART.

The autumn winds they mourn
And the trees their leaves have shed
And the frost has seared the corn,
And the flowers all are dead.

And the woodbine has lost its tint
And the hillsides are bare,
And the summer days are spent,
And my heart sinks in despair.

And the snow clouds are sweeping
O'er fields and forests bare,
And I am silently weeping,
And my troubles there's no one to share.

For my little children are so needy,
The poor little helpless ones,
And there's no one that has any pity,
And my troubles have no end.

For these cold wintry days,
With all its wrath and scorn,
And every day I wish and pray
That I had never been born.

For my little children climb upon my knee
And look up in my face with pity,
And the only thing that I can see
Is but poverty and misery.

TO LUCY ON THE DEATH OF HER LOVER.

What is the use to weep, and what is the use to mourn,
There are thousands die, there are thousands born,
'Tis like passing from night to early morn,
And yet from me all my pride and pleasures torn.
 It might have been all with gladness
 And happiness might have been all the day,
But now I sink in deep sadness
 And my heart will soon pine away.



A CRITICISM ON THE BANKERS.

Oh, ye bankers of high delight,
Figure it as ye have a mind to,
 And call it right.

If it hadn't been for good luck and fortune chance
You would now be wearing blue overalls
 Instead of pants.

And with your fine collars and white shirt
You would now be like myself,
 Working in the dirt.

I've seen you walk in such high delight,
Trying to imitate something
 Beyond your sight.

You think because you are a banker
That you are more than you contain,
 Just because you carry the name.

THE OLD PLACE.

Down on the old place
Where my time I whiled away,
But my thoughts I can retrace,
Yet it seems no longer than to-day.

But from the bars of fortune
That held me there,
Which was a weary burden,
But still I don't care.

For I have learned many things
Which I wouldn't have learned,
Which to me was a hidden king,
A toiling in the dirt.

I found I had very few friends
Only from nature's gifts,
Which would wrong me to the end
And rob me still.

For I tried to be an honest man
And so I toiled away
O'er the field of stone and sand
For my debts to pay.

But the people would laugh and sneer
And not a word of praise would say,
So I toiled on year after year
And whiled my life away.

Yet I have but little faith
In the human kind,
For they are the worst of the race,
Even to the swine.

From ignorance and poverty
Humanity has to obey,
But it is the poorest combination,
From all the fates of the human ways.

Yet I feel for my friends
That by me did stay,
For I will be true to the end
In every way.

For I had some friends
That money didn't stop
That felt for their fellow men,
And had the trueness in their hearts.

For there was one man,
His name was George Brown;
He sent for me to come and see,
When sickness had drawn me down.

With the goodness of nature's heart
He turned and said,
Is there anything that I can do?
For you've long been sick in bed.

If the world were honest and true
To his fellow man
How much better we all could do,
And it would be pleasing to this land.



TO ———

Thou could turn my frowns to cheers,
Thou could turn my love to tears,
Thou could turn me to a noun to love
And to love to live and live alone.

LIFE'S TROUBLES.

Oh, thus soon this life of trouble
Is but like a dream of sorrow,
For it is nothing but a bubble
That which is today is gone tomorrow,
And some other springs forth
To love, to frown or scorn,
And he goes on with nature's course
Until he wishes he was never born.
Oh, God our creator
Something must have seen
In the ordination of man,
To pay back to it's mother earth
And to fly with the drifting sand.
But this life is like the motion of the ocean
Or like the murmur of the sea,
For there is no love in devotion,
For this life is but misery.



UNSEEN.

Every person has a skeleton unseen,
And every mind has a thought untold;
But oh, how they would intervene
If you went to unleaf the fold.
For when you come to pare the hearts of men
Down to their days of youth;
You will find that the most noble ones
Will regret the truth.

PAST.

Life cannot support itself,
Wisdom is not its own master,
It takes life to support life,
And wisdom follows after.



STANZA.

This is the feeling of my choice,
That now you may read,
Your feelings it may invoice,
Yes, indeed!



STANZAS TO C. H. PAGE.

Youthful early hours
Are like new blown flowers.
And like pastures green,
All is beautiful we've seen.

But age has pressed on me,
And those flowers are gone,
I can only look back and retrace
Who had those smiles on their face.

Now, when all pleasures are gone,
And age it is a thorn,
Yet I carry some of the fame
But I have lost the chain.

But pleasures are not to blame,
There's as many left as we ever gained
And left for others to claim,
But we have lost the chain.

A GAMBLER.

Now rambling is all I claim,
For I've spent my money in a gambling game,
For gambling was all my fame.
But now poverty is my name,
For I've spent my money in a gambling game.

Oh, wonders I, and life unknown,
Such a life to live and live alone,
Eyes all blurred and face all red,
All thoughts of the living, no thoughts of the dead,
Oh sad may be your morning steps,
And cling to you the night's regret,
And to all that you can't forget.



OH, MY JERRIE!

Oh, my Jerrie!
You are my only berrie,
Why did you long to run away
And leave me here to worry?

Why don't you stay by me
As I stayed by you,
And be like a man should be,
And do as you ought to do.

But you have flown to some other zone
Where your heart feels no pain,
You have left me without friends or home,
And like a nation, slain.

My virtue you've overthrown
With disgrace and scorn,
There's no place on this earth for me,
And with all my pleasures torn.

With a babe at my breast
And no place to lay it to rest,
No one to sooth or for it to mourn,
But all the world points at it with scorn.

For such follies are never at rest,
They always point to it with shame,
For such are never blest,
And I am always to blame.

Yet it is still worse on you,
For I have always been true,
But I have to bear all the shame,
But in God's eye you are all to blame.

Yet fading from thy passion,
I am regretting thy rage,
It seems to be all the men's fashion
Just to want to engage.

But promises are
Like birds that fly in the air,
Soon are departed
The same as all momentary pleasures are.

We oft' times vow with virtue set,
But with high sensitive passion we do forget,
Which oft' times brings a burden upon us,
That all our lives we do regret.

TO MY YOUTHFUL MAID.

How sweet it is to love and how sad to part,
To all this love prince thou art,
How sweet the maid when in youth,
But cords of time does abuse and offspring tell the truth.

The old maid, how disdainful she looks,
Like the worn leaves of some children's books,
But worn, not from mother's cares,
But from some sadder despair.

Don't dwell on this too much, my youthful maid,
And don't be too fond to be engaged,
And don't love where love will cause pain,
For love without happiness it is no fame.

In this world there is some worthy mate,
Don't look too much to wealth and fashion,
For love in a humble cottage
Is better than sorrow in a mansion.

But marry a man if you love him,
And, of course, if he loves you;
Remember this be forever true,
Never marry a fool whatever you do.



AN UNHAPPY MAN.

A man without happiness
Is like a dog without a master,
He knows not his friend, he knows not his foe,
And he knows not where e'er to go.

THE KISSES OF WISHES.

It was on the banks of Rock river,
That flows and will flow forever,
Yet nature is more than man can endeavor
Why lovers kiss and kiss so clever;
Yet so often tried then hit by follies' blow,
Where love's secret makes a public foe,
And sees nothing ahead nor nothing behind
Where love still leads the fickle mind,
Yet sits with a thousand wishes.
But it is the fruit of more than a thousand kisses,
But with all your spent joy
It does with you so annoy;
Your pretense was whiter than snow,
Yet your guilt is as black as a crow.
With high and pompous estate
Should it be as "Parisinas" fate,
Before the creeds court, but men do relate
As "Azo" "Hugo's" sire did doom his fate.
But is it right or is it just to let such go
To found a thousand joys on another's woes.



KNOWLEDGE.

In this world we are always seeking
For something greater,
Yet darkness may be our destiny's end,
For we cling to all God's blessings
For some brighter and sweeter end.

MY FATHER'S COTTAGE.

I'm going to my father's cottage
That lies down in the woods,
Yes, I'm going to my father's cottage,
I think I can do him good.
My mother's hands are palsied,
Her limbs are growing feeble and cold,
My father's days are numbered,
For he's growing gray and old.

CHORUS.

I'm going to my father's cottage
That lies down in the woods,
Yes, I'm going to my father's cottage,
I think I can do him good.

I remember when in childhood
I used to run and play,
And gather those wild flowers
There day after day.
But now that place is lonely,
For we're all far to roam,
There's no one left there only
Father and mother at home.

CHORUS.

But when father and mother
Yes, are both gone,
We'll think of the right,
We'll think of the wrong,
When their graves are all mossy
And the old place looks cold and bare,
We'll think of father and mother
When they gave us their tender care.

CHORUS.

THE FALCON'S DREAM.

Ah, thoughtless of heaven, and thoughtless of joy!

He were once a wild and reckless boy,
But yonder descends the smoke in the far west,
And must my body lie here mingled in the ditch with
the rest,

For this long and undivided world
Has caused many a man's head to whirl,
For the steps of life without a strife
Makes a wreck of a man's life.

Yonder stands the lofty oak,
Its branches swinging to and fro,
That God has given thee strength to grow,
And he lies silently to sleep,
His deadly wounds no more to weep,
For the heavenly clasp has laid him
Beneath the soddy mass,
And the thoughts of the future no longer will pass.

But o'er the darkest night and the brightest day
Man must pass away,
But his soul lingers still.

While he lies silently to sleep o'er the mossy hills,
Where the trees that grow,
And the violets that bloom so sweet,
And the birds sing their sweetest song
When there o'er they meet.

Oh, God of heaven and man of earth!
He was but a child at his birth,
But his life is like the new born leaf,
No longer does cease,
For his days have gone by
And God will help every man that lives to die.

TO A FANTASTIC LADY.

Why dost thou smile, and smile so,
And why dost thou flirt and so fondly flirt,
For thou art lower than dirt.
Her hair is both black and wavy,
Her teeth are like the pearls;
Who would think she was such a lady,
And such a lady of the world?
For she is as fair as the sunbeams of the day,
And as sweet as the roses that bloom
And bloom in the month of May.
And yet I deem thy birth's the worst,
For in nature's goodness but little are given,
For thou has no divine love nor feeling,
For thou art ruled by the devil.
But oh, your bangs of frizzle and face of laugh,
'Tis enough to make the most solemn tune play fast
And play and so fondly play,
And hope that the hour would never be the last;
Even if myself could object
To smile with such a lady if I had the luck;
For I am poor and I have to wear ragged pants,
For a lad like me can never get such a chance.



A DREAM.

I had a dream of a lightsome day,
When fields were green, and orchards bloom in May,
When bees and birds were singing so gay,
And little Archie was running at play.

TO THE FALSE BRIDE.

Married today and like left tomorrow,
And left my bride in sinful sorrow,
My sorrow I can share with you no more,
For your greatest is but the prints of a hoar.

If you had been what you should have been,
Life would have been complete and happiness would
have been the end;
But now all is disgrace and sorrow,
When so happily might have been the morrow.

But it is all in a tarry and such a life of worry,
All who looks and speaks knows that life isn't complete,
For I show the scorn on my brow, the shame on my cheek,
And I want no one to smile, and to me no one to speak.

Oh, what a world of wonder,
And humanity a blunder,
One half of the world knows not what the other half is doing,
If they did they would find them stewing.



MINUET

Her cheeks were like the wild roses,
So black and wavy was her hair,
Her smiles were more than I could bear;
Her kisses were as soft as the dewes that fall
In the early tint of night.
And she would throw her arms around me
And press me to her bosom so white,
And say, I love you, wrong or right.

THE REPUBLIC.

Swank he won
And well done he,
For he is as fine a' man
As you ever wish to see.

There is Johnson Lawrence
Would have done as well as he,
For he fought for the country,
While the others went free.

It is hard to tell
When in such a fight,
One side is always wrong,
While the other is right.

But boys, be content
In whatever you do,
And remember your country
And stick by the boys in blue.

Now, boys, hang together,
No matter how it ends,
Be friends and shake hands
And try it again.

There was Abraham Lincoln,
That great and noble man,
He says all hang together
And we'll have a prosperous land.

TO MY LOVE.

Oh, my sweet and lovely one,
That I have loved so long and well,
Thou hast forced me to misery's end,
Which is worse than all the pangs of hell.

When your name is ever mentioned,
It is as mournful as the coo of a dove,
But again I can never force my affections,
For another to ever love.

Yes, yes, I will stand the grief,
Both the pang and the pain;
I only hope you will always have happiness,
And never have to stand the same.

When vile and rigid passion
From deceit loves you no more,
You'll think then of other than foolish fashion,
And of a heart that loved before.

When the flowers bloomed sweet in the the springtime,
Yes, oh, my Ollie dear!
You will then think of your youthful hours
And of a heart that loved you dear.

But we will wither like the flowers of springtime,
From our glorious and youthful prime,
Then we will think of each other,
That we have left so far behind.

'TIS ALL IN THE MONTH OF MAY.

There is the rose that puts forth its bud
With all its leafful spray,
And fans the fragrant air,
All in the month of May.

There is the apple tree,
Bloomed with fullest array,
And there hums the merry bee,
All in the month of May.

There is the lilac that blooms
With all its foliage so gay,
It looks so fine in those days,
All in the month of May.

And the trees unrobe all their foliage
In full leafful spray,
And there the birds build their nests,
All in the month of May.

There in the green fields
The herdsman waits not for a day,
And the herds, they enjoy that play,
All in the month of May.

There is the valley and the mountainous slope,
And there violets open their lips to say,
I have come forth to stay,
All in the month of May.

There is the little school boy,
In barefoot he begins to play,
And goes to school with a merry song,
All in the month of May.

Then comes the bright moonlight nights,
Softened by the warm summer days,
And then the boys like to play,
All in the month of May.

It is then when lovers meet
And o'er the gate kiss so sweet,
And love there, and love to stay,
All in the month of May.

From the moonbeam hours,
Sweetened by the fragrant showers,
And there so often names the nuptial day,
All in the month of May.

I have passed my boyhood days,
When I used to run and play,
Now I am growing old and gray,
But still I love the month of May.



SOCIETY.

Oh, talk of society and style,
The poor and ignorant ones,
It is a burden on freedom,
It wrongs many a good and honest one
And withers many a love.

THE WRECKED LIFE.

In my girlhood joy I loved once an only boy,
Thoughts of marriage and of care
Have brought me to my rocking chair.

But now with a child at my side,
My husband roaming wide,
His life like water that flows awide,
Like many other streams that have no guide.

But my loving, thoughtless fear
Enters my lonely ear,
As his lonely footsteps come
My heart beats and flutters like a drum—
My only child's a drunkard's son.

But thoughts of the apple tree,
Of the birds that sang to me,
And sang of his future life,
Like I, before a wife.

But see my life, worn, ruined,
I took the steps of ruination
And landed on the screws of damnation,
Like many another poor one has trod,
And lies beneath this cold, cold sod.

But home is home, no matter where you roam,
For the brow of care will unpart thy folded hair
And lie thee to rest
Where God has made thy nest.

But oh, there's the sun! no, 'tis the moon
That shines here o'er the dismal sky,
While God watches me till I die.

Mother, my lids are closing,
My hands feel numb and frozen,
No longer does my pulse go nor come,
But death I do not shun.

But carry me to my lonely and shaded grave, mother,
That God will give me thy pleasure to gain,
And lay me low in the gloom of night,
Where God will watch my soul of light.



TO MY MARY.

Like the fairest morning,
As the sun kisses the rose,
In nature there is a longing,
In pleasures of sweet repose.

Like the lily that opens its lips,
Can be softened by the frailest dews,
And oft' by woes are nipped
From a heart that should be true.

Drop by drop went those affections,
Withered from that love and hope,
But from my Mary it is broken,
But by words that was never spoke.

She wipes away many a tear
From the scenes of pleasures departed,
And the one she thought most dear
Left her broken hearted.

NOT FOR ME.

Oh, sigh not for me
For that weeping heart to bless,
For all the pangs of life I have seen,
And now I long to rest.

This cold and desolate shore,
Like some vanished isle,
And we weep here by the score,
Like some infant child.

Had we not the faintest hope in our breast,
Our knowledge it would be but vain,
For we can only hope for rest,
And be like a nation slain.

For this weak and pulsive mind
Is only held by that thread of hope,
We can only linger with the bars of time,
Then it is forever broke.

What is the sweet murmur of life
When in the age of destiny?
We can never again recall our life
For it is but the dark eternity.

I care not for the restless heart of man,
Nor for the knowledge that's spent,
Nor for the kings of the land,
Only in human content.

For once it was heaven upon earth,
But now that I can only tell,
Then my heart was filled with love and mirth,
'Tis now but the pangs of hell.

THEN YOU'LL LOVE ME AS I LOVE YOU.

Now we are married and are man and wife,
Combined in the woes and pleasures of life,
And for both of us to be true,
Then you'll love me as I love you.

Nature has us blessed
With this sweet caress,
And for both of us to be true,
Then you'll love me as I love you.

In all of our communion
Let love be the union,
And both of us be true;
Then you'll love me as I love you.

Don't ever do a wrong,
Let home be a song,
And both of us be true,
Then you'll love me as I love you.

Cut off the jug handle,
And don't quarrel nor wrangle,
Both do all you can do;
Then you'll love me as I love you.



OLD AGE.

When age breaks our chain of passion,
We'll go hobbling and snupping about,
We'll be like boys always adopting some foolish fashion
And taking wrong for right.

THOSE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

When youth was blooming
We thought not of life's consuming,
But as the dewdrops sparkle in the grass of the morn,
We pass away and others are born.

It was then when the little squirrels run and play,
And when the partridge used to drum for some rainy day,
And the ding dong of the distant cow bell
Was sweeter to me than ever music swelled.

But age has cherished me on,
And now life is but a thorn,
And I can only think of to-morrow,
For those days are gone.



THE TRUEST MUST PART.

'Tis long that we have been two,
'Tis sweet now that we are but one,
And we should always be as true
Till life troubles end.

Thou should be woven as spider webs
In every dream of love
Thou shouldn't think that thou art any better,
But that thou art just as good.

For now we go to our only bed,
And upon that breast I will recline,
And with that love we will be fed,
Which will sooth our weary mind.

For now all the pleasures of youth is ours,
But the days of youth will decline,
But we will live till that time expires,
With the hope of love divine.

There will be a time to come
When we will be sad at heart,
For just as true as we are made one
We must be torn apart.

For death's untold time
Will not come with bliss,
Then we will not have those smiles,
Nor have love's sweet kiss.



STANZAS.

Oh, once the love of youth,
But now the pang of age,
Which in ignorance I did abuse,
When in pleasures I did engage.
But now in remorse and shame,
In deep regret of age,
Could I again those feelings claim
And my heart be freed from pain.



A TOAST.

I now brim my glass to drown the past,
What more can the future be?
For nothing but woes entwine my path,
And here's good luck to thee.

WHY AM I TO BLAME?

Had I not in this early youth of passion
 Been the lover of evil kind,
Then I might have been in higher fashion
 And not had this deluded mind;
But from the early passion of youth,
 Which has stained my brow,
And now it is but little use
 For me to harp it now.

Had I not had that fire of youth
 And been like some uncultured vine,
Then I would have been more moral in youth,
 And with pleasures more divine,
When unraveling the youth of nature,
 And nature's feelings are but this,
It is to multiply the creation,
 And to yield to love's sweet kiss.

For everything was made to multiply,
 Even to the sweetest rose,
And our feelings were not made to die,
 But to blend in others repose;
For even the birds and the bugs,
 The smallest insects of the earth,
They were all made to love
 Each others reverse.

But why should I be to blame
 When nature has fanned the flame?
And why should I be ashamed
 'To sooth another's pain?

For mine is not the worst,
Nor neither is mine the least,
Nor was I the first
To sooth another's relief.

For there was Adam and Eve,
They did both disobey,
So now you all see
That we have the debt to pay;
But is it to us a blessing,
Or is it a heartfelt blow?
Now it keeps us all a guessing
To sooth each other's woes.

Adam and Eve were the first to disobey
In this land of creation,
We might have had pleasures more array
And not had this damnation,
For they were the first to feel and see
The fruits of temptation;
Had we ought to blame their decree
When we still love the devotion.

If we had all been bound in virtue
And Adam and Eve had not begun,
We would not have had this multitude of creation,
Nor had no congenial heart to love;
For God is but like the sun,
And heat it is but life,
He made man and woman to enjoy each one,
And to share with their toils and strife.

He knew in a life like this,
With troubles we would be driven,
And if woes couldn't be soothed by a kiss,
What would be the use of living;
He knew the whole outcome
When he placed us in temptation,
And he knew just what would be done,
For he created the earth and heaven.



OH, SCENES!

Oh, scenes of pleasures!
Oh, scenes of joy!
Oh, scenes of early childhood,
From pleasures decoyed.

Oh, scenes of trouble!
Oh, scenes of woe!
Oh, scenes of early blossoms,
It is now covered with snow.

Oh, scenes of hate!
Oh, scenes of love!
Oh, scenes of so many a mistake
That brings no good.

Oh, scenes of trueness,
Oh, scenes of deceit!
Oh, scenes of hellishness,
That makes the heart weep.

NONE BUT ME.

I am sad and lonely,
My heart is disconsolate,
For one that would love me only,
And would never forsake.

And where that true heart may be,
It may be beyond the sea,
And, oh, how I would like to see
The one that loves and loves none but me.

For the pulse within my breast
Is as restless as the motion of the sea,
And how I long to be at rest,
For the one that loves and loves none but me.

For if I was bound to my better half
The future would be but glee,
Then I would linger no more upon the past,
With the one that loves and loves none but me.

With these weary toils and strife,
Oh, how much better would it be
To spend the days of our life
With the one that loves and loves none but me.

Then as old age presses us on,
Then our wrinkled faults we will not see,
If we both truly marry the one
That loves, and loves none but me.

THE DEW OF YOUTH.

Oh, the bright springtime of youth
That blooms everywhere,
But it fades like the dews
And we sink in despair.

The sweetest bud of the rose,
Or the lily that blooms more fair,
Only lingers a moment in repose,
And then its leafy form is bare.

For the wild birds they all sing,
They enjoy that bloom
In the sweet time of the spring,
In those golden noons.

But like the flowers of youth
That bloom so tender,
But we fade as the dews
And can only remember.

We bloom the same as the flowers of spring,
But we linger to remember,
And if we knew youth was such a fickle thing
It would free us from many a blunder.

For youth is but ignorance
And age it is but regret,
But we still hold it with a blessing
And with a sad contempt.

For life it is but a blossom,
And we wither the same in age,
We are governed by nature's same motion
Till we go onward to the grave.

PLEASURES AND WOES.

Oh, how pointed is the vain of youth!
And how deaf is our ear,
And our pleasures we do abuse
That blots our future years;
We hope, we sigh, we strive in vain,
And it causes to us many a tear,
And it only ceases to the heart in pain,
A youth so blind and yet so dear.

Our troubles we can defy
And our pleasures we more widely spread,
The woes that we can't deny
Are sweeter than pleasures dead;
Our pleasures we do uphold
And our woes they will flee,
But which is the sweetest to our control
Is the hardest to let be.

But, oh, how we strive in early life,
When our pleasures are unworn,
But we soon wear to the age of life
When both sorrow and pleasures mourn;
If we, like the grass, again spring forth
And the root of life still remain,
And then we again could recall our hopes
And free our hearts from pain.

There still lingers a feeling within my heart,
When from age and sorrow worn,
For then we can only live within the past
And be from all pleasures torn;

For this life is but a living woe
When the age of youth is spent,
Then we only think we know the more,
But still we know less, but more in pretense.

Then pleasures and woes can be but one,
When old age should be but bliss,
For life is but like the rising sun
That sinks away to rest;
For nature has made us to fade,
So the progress of nature goes on,
And when we wither away to our graves
Then we will leave others to mourn.



STANZAS,

Life have we
And but little to let,
Those days that have passed
Is that which we do regret.

In thy self bear not all the blame,
But beware of thy name,
For that which thou loseth
Thou can never gain.



GONE.

Which was once my utmost treasures
From me are fled,
Which once were pleasures
Now are dead.

WHAT HAS PASSED.

Oh, give me back that bloom?

Yes, give me back that cheek,
And give me back that maiden
That I used to kiss so sweet.

But now that cheek has withered
And those smiles are gone,
It's like clouds that have gathered
Before the coming storm.

Then sweeping on from youth,
The tide of prime is o'er,
'Tis like the bugle sounds
Before the coming war.

For youth is but such lotted time,
And our hopes die like withered smiles,
We only cherish it with a disdainful look,
With so many a heart broken vow.

But from pleasures we are passed on,
With so many a heart bound pain,
'Tis only a mark of nature's laws.
So such can bloom again.

So what is the use to weep,
Or what is the use to mourn,
When age does on us creep
And our pleasures are all gone.

For what has passed and has been once
Can never be again,
Yet we may look back with regret,
But we must abide by the same.

'TISN'T THAT.

'Tisn't because the morning rays
Dries away the dews,
'Tisn't that that makes our hair turn gray,
Nor the love we never knew.

It is the one we hold so great,
The fairest one in view,
But, oh! how that heart will ache
To find that one untrue.

But, oh! how great is that strain
When the lips in love are pressed,
And how our hopes will expand
When love is truly blessed.

But from our early, youthful years
There comes many a change,
Oft' the one we thought most dear
Leaves us but a bundle of pain.

But there's always someone within our heart
That seems the dearest one,
And if by troubles they are torn apart,
That is trouble we can never lend.

But, oh! how it will retort the mind
When we look back to bliss,
And see that we have left behind
Which was once love's sweet kiss.

LIFE IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

When my heart was as gay as May,
And the same bloom was on my cheek,
I thought not when I'd be old and gray,
Nor the sorrows I would have to meet.

But now age has made me gray
And trouble has opened wide its hand,
I find autumn is no longer May,
And winter is close at hand.

For now I care not for the birds' sweetest song,
Nor the sweetest flowers that bloom,
Nor whether the day be long or short,
Nor the fairest rising moon.

For now all pleasures for me are past,
And all days seem the same,
I care not for the people's crowded mass,
Nor for the drifting snow or rain.

For now I am so old and inferior
That the people shun me where're I go,
For there is no one now to call me dear,
And all my friends seem but foes.

But when in early winter storms
I could stand the bleakest rage,
Then I could fold in my arms
The one who is now in her grave.

But when mourning and sorrow came,
I cared not for my friends to speak,
For my heart was rent with pain
And with tears I did weep.

But now in my few remining years
I care not even to comb my hair,
Only to wipe away the reminding tears
And let them fall in despair.

But from my early faded years
Those tears have fallen in regret,
Not by fault of the one I loved most dear,
But from scenes I can't forget.

Now soon peace will come to me,
And we will return back to May,
When together again we will be,
And our hair will be no longer gray.



CHILDHOOD DAYS.

The same moon remains in the sky single,
The stars shine as bright from o'er above,
There's none with my heart can mingle
As those of childhood love.

Oh, childhood joys, and childhood sweet,
In sweet repose and in beauty sleep,
But give to me like where childhood weeps,
And wrap me again in those cradle sheets.

THE OLD TREE AND ME.

So oft' I've seen that tree of shade,
In all its robes of splendor,
And o'er its boughs the little birds have played
And sang so soft and tender.

But now thy boughs are bent with age
And thy foliage is unseen,
But oft' there in childhood I have played,
When I was just as fresh and green.

But now age has bent me low
And people care not me to see,
Only to pass and make such remarks—
Oh, let the old thing be!

They look at us with disgrace,
In the most mournful shame,
But when age ungilts our face,
It leaves us but the pain.

Oh, youth! how free our joys are spent,
With so many a gladsome song,
But old age it has no content,
Only in sadness and forlorn.

So as you gaze on the old tree and me,
It seems sad that our days are past,
But nature has named our decree,
And we have done all nature asked.

THE BUNCO MAN.

I want to live a quiet life
And have a sweet domestic home,
For I care not for the world's gambling strife,
Nor those that want to roam.

Why should I care for some millionaire,
Or for the bunco man?
For they only look at me and sneer
And say let the fool go on.

Why should I bow to his great wealth,
Even so humble may be my lot,
For I would rather have my joys and health
Than all his money ever bought.

So I'll live a sober and quiet life,
And do the best I can,
I'll not bow to this world's gambling strife,
Nor to the bunco man.



ON THE DEATH OF A NEIGHBOR.

When the old man died
The old woman cried,
And the dog he whined at the door,
The cat ran away as fast as she could,
And they will never see her any more.

TRANSFIXED.

Our lives are all transfixed,
And our knowledge is practically the same,
And circumstances causes us to think,
As nature gives us the strain.

For in one thing a man may be smart,
In another he may be a fool,
And another may be twice as sharp,
While the other may be but a tool.

So all men can't be alike,
And all men the same can't be wise,
If it wasn't the difference between black and white,
We would never be surprised.

So the difference between colors and knowledge
It oft' times deceives both the mind and the eye,
So if you want a preacher, send him to college,
If you want a lawyer, just learn him to lie.



REMEMBRANCE.

The roses may bloom brighter and sweeter
In deep remembrance of days of old,
If roses always bloom the same as spring time
There would never be no snow.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

Flowers will come
And flowers will go,
From the sweet summer roses
To the cold winter snow.

All things will change,
Yes, and all things will go,
From the early lot of pleasures
To the deep pangs of woe.

For what is pleasure to one
Is not pleasure to all,
It may only add grief to some broken heart
And cause it to mourn.

As the rose puts forth its bud
To bloom in early May,
There comes a million bees and bugs
To sip its life away.

And as one life comes forth,
So does another go,
The same as the seasons do
That bring forth the snow.

Yes, flowers will come
And flowers will go,
From the sweet summer roses,
To the cold winter snow.

ON THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF JAMES TAYLOR.

They had a golden wedding,
And a gay time had they
For it has been just fifty years
Since their wedding day.

For their wedded life,
It has been a great success,
For they have lived true as man and wife,
And who could be better blessed.

They have both worked hard,
And have laid up quite a sum,
And he has made a good and happy home
For he had nothing when he begun.

Now this great and industrious man,
Is about o'er his barge of life
For he has done about all he can,
With his toils and strife.

He has been a true and honest man
In all his acts and deeds,
Which is a blessing to this land,
For such a life for a man to lead.

But he will leave something behind
From o'er his toils and strife
Which will leave a mark sublime,
From o'er the bivouac of life.

If all the world had as well done
As this good and honest man,
Then, there no fault could be found,
It would be peace and good will to man.

MAGGIE.

SONG.

It was when orchards were in bloom,
And meadows were green,
The merry hum of the honey bee,
And the birds did so softly sing;
And nature had unfolded
All her mantles green,
It was there our tales of love we told,
That life's sorrows no more would be.

CHORUS.

But, oh, Maggie,
I'm raggie and jaggie,
Oh this life's sorrow,
If it could end tomorrow
Then no more trouble I would borrow
Of this love's horror.

Oh Maggie, we met with so many a kiss and caress,
And you vowed, that you, by me would stay
And that our love would be always blessed,
As it was when we named the nuptial day,
But; oh, now Maggie when we meet,
'Tis but a wrangle and a quarrel,
And our vows are no longer sweet,
And our lives is but a weary toil.

CHORUS.

Could I now only go back
Where no vows of love I knew,
Then I would return my tracks
To the world that is untrue.

For if I had never loved
Then no sorrow would I now know,
For the sweet vows of love,
Are generally bound in the wedlocks of woe.

CHORUS.

But when age has pressed me on
And nature's gifts are gone,
And I go tottering along,
And they say that he has gone wrong,
But they know not the tales of sorrow,
But I will bow and softly say
That love has been my foe
And that is why my life is blotted so.

CHORUS.

But now to all nature's gifts,
And to my friends I can't deceive,
For we are not all the truest blessed
To which we have got to give or leave,
For there is the pang of love, the lear of hate
That is entwining,
Which causes so many a hidden fate,
And yet is always smiling.

CHORUS.



DEATH.

When my lips, cold to cold are pressed
And my eyes in darkness are closed,
Then I lay these feeble limbs to rest,
And yet does the mind still know?

THE SEASONS CHANGE

Of those days which have gone and past,
Those which we do regret,
Yet we will cling to them to the last,
For we never can forget.

But so sweet were those hours
We did so much adore,
They were like early blown flowers,
But will bloom no more.

This would be a cold monotonous world,
If everything was the same,
We would know not the joys from the woes,
Nor the pleasures from the pain.

If this world was all the same,
What would pleasure be
If it wasn't for the seasons change,
Life would be but misery.

When the flowers come in early bloom,
And cold winter has gone
It drives away all the feeling of gloom
To see those grassy lawns.

Then comes on the blooming rose,
And the birds that sing their song,
Then we rejoice in sweet repose,
For that season has gone.

These changes were all put here,
For the gloom of man,
For the changes of the year,
Is the beauty of the land.

What is the use to sigh and weep,
When pleasures are gone,
We can't always our pleasures keep,
Nor expect to be in song.

This world has all its ups and downs
And still we pass on,
For the world goes around and around
And are soon gone.



HOPE.

If my theory is wrong I am lost,
But if it is right I am saved;
For there is no one that knows
Anything beyond the grave.
There are so many with a weak and feeble mind
That build so many castles in the air,
'That will shortly be left behind,
And sink in the saddest despair.
But when the end comes,
We've all got it to meet,
For we may be bound up in hell
Or heaven sweet.
So do not tremble before the blow,
For the same as we come, so we must go,
For God to one, is God to all,
He will not sink us great or small.

MY LOVE, ADIEU.

It was where flowers bloomed sweet,
And forests were green;
That was when me and my love used to meet
In those summer eves.

But now those forests, their leaves have shed,
And November winds are sweeping,
And those flowers have withered and gone;
And I am left alone, weeping.

It was then I thought of nothing but love,
But now, sweet love adieu;
When love, was sweetened by love,
Then I loved no one but you.

But still sweet are those recollections,
But my heart sighs in pain,
Once she loved with sweetest affections,
But now, me, she does disdain.

Now those feelings still linger in my breast,
And mouldering in my bosom's core,
Once the one I did love and bless,
I can never love no more.

But so deep were those affections,
It haunted me in those dreams of night,
But I awoke, and found it was only recollections,
Of those days of love's delight.

But now away with those dreams,
Your love I will no more implore;
And those feelings I do disdain,
For I care for love no more.

But love it was sweet;
When I called it all my own,
When me and my love used to meet,
But now I am left alone.

But now dreary is the past;
My wisdom so dearly I have earned,
But I remember to the last,
For all of my lessons I have well learned.

But now all I care is to roam.
And no others I would like to try,
For I care not for love nor home,
But I only long to die.



A JUNE DAY.

This is a bright and summer day
And the fields have spread their mantle sheet,
And the birds they warble in the branches o'er the way,
And life seems so complete.

Oh; such a day of rejoice
With all the cares of life to keep,
To hear their little tender voice,
To me they sound so sweet.

And the roses have opened their lips
To kiss the sunny morn,
And there the honey bee takes many a sip,
And goes singing his merry song.

Oh, sweet summer time,
When the flowers are all in bloom,
It is so pleasing to the mind
And drives away the feelings of gloom.

BACHELORS.

When in early life
And in childhood pride,
All my fancies was for a wife
For a more moral guide.

It was then I felt lonely,
And eager for a mate,
To make a sweet and happy home,
It makes a man more great.

I started out in life
For a wife to get,
And I found it was follies strife,
And I am trying yet.

But I still live in hope,
But I say I don't care;
But I would like some one to court,
Some one that I can bear.

Some are to homely,
And some are too nice;
Some dress to much in a bungle,
While others are too wise.

But in this world,
I must have a mate.
One that I deem myself worthy,
For my consummate.

I would like some one
To share with me,
For that is the way the world began,
Of love and misery.

But oh, talk of love,
Then bow to fashion,
It is the greatest of follies humbugs
That ever was fastened.

But act in this world
To your own fancy,
Don't be ruled by some pretty girl,
Nor by human vanity.



THE AGE THAT IS PAST.

Only to weep and sigh and mourn,
For those blessed days of youth,
But I can only regret and scorn,
And tell the humble truth.
It was then all nature spread
And all pleasures I did bless;
But now those feelings are gone and dead,
And I only long for rest.

But nature has unrobed
All her pleasures to me,
Which I was eager to control,
But they were more than I ever could see;
But oh, nature's restless wings
That brings forth peace
From the loving smiles of spring,
That gives the heart relief.

But when in the tender leaves of youth,
Those woes are not spoken.
But from love they are abused,
And we turn heart broken;

But is it from nature's ease
That we turn so forlorn,
Or is it from the hearts we try to please
That decks our lives in scorn.

But we go drifting on
All with the human mass;
But then we can only see
As we see ourselves in the glass.
We can only retrace those vows,
But in our hearts we mourn
And those feelings are bleeding now,
For that which has gone.

In all nature, her pleasures spread
And the sun in its orbit glows,
And nature with the feelings of love is fed,
Both with friends and foes.
But those feelings I do impress,
To all those feelings which I have had,
And all nature I do truly bless,
Altho my hopes are dead.

But now I am only left to depart
From this life of pleasure and of woe,
Which I do only retort
For I do not fear the blow,
For my life I have had
And I care not now for the space of time,
For my heart is as gray as my head,
And the lot for all, is mine.

MY ANNON.

SONG.

When all nature love had told
And her feelings I did bless,
And all my feelings I did unfold
To her sweet caress.
For love in those tender years
We oft times do regret;
It leaves on us a lingering tear
Which we can never forget.

CHORUS.

Oh, my Annon, my sweet Annon,
Thou art all the world to me;
Oh, my Annon, my sweet Annon,
I can never live without thee.

It was in the fringes of early youth,
And the bars of fortunes are untold,
Then's when loves vow should be true
Regardless of gold.
And then my Annon vowed to me,
And all her feelings of love to me she told,
But another she did love to see
That had wealth and gold.

CHORUS.

And with the distant look on her face,
Which looked like deceit to me;
And when I offered, to her, embrace,
She says oh, let me be.

Then I said, my sweet and lovely one,
Oh, what can it be,
That has turned your life of love?
For you are so cold to me.

CHORUS.

Then the stillness of the hour was broken,
By a look of some hidden token
Which can be seen, but is never spoken
Only by a lover that is heart broken;
For love it haunts the very soul
Which by words is hard to express;
And they are the hardest feelings to control
When love is not a success.

CHORUS.

Then she only wept and said,
Oh, you are too good for me
I only wish that I was dead,
And leave this world of misery,
For I promised you truly
That no other I would take;
And I have wronged you shamefully
Which is all my own mistake.

CHORUS.

It was from wealth and fashion
Which the world is eager to grab
Which from you I did unfasten;
But oh, now I feel so sad;
You have fixed a sweet and lovely place
And now how happy life might be,
If my vows I hadn't retraced,
For I have done as wrong as wrong can be.

CHORUS.

Oh now, will you forgive,
And take me by your side?
And then I can so happy live,
If you will take me for your bride.
I still love you the same
But my hopes are shaken,
Which has caused my heart many a pain,
And now I feel sad and forsaken.

CHORUS.

Yes, dear, I can forgive,
For you are all the world to me;
Without you I cannot live
For there are no others the same can be;
Then she threw her arms around his neck
And her answer was a kiss.
For they were kinder words than she did expect
For such a wrong as this.

CHORUS.

And then she avowed anew
We'll let such sorrows pass,
And I will live more true
Until the very last.
We will drive on from this sadness
And we will seek from our woes,
We will cherish in gladness
And let all such sorrows go.

CHORUS.

For you can talk of all kind deeds
And great men of this land,
There is nothing so refining
As a lady's love to man.

It, from all nature smiles,
And our passion is impressed,
For then we will live more true,
And our lives, be more happily blessed.

CHORUS.

To blight the early love of youth,
You might as well cut the plant down,
For there are never none that seems as true,
And the same again is never found.
For love in those tender years
That we do often regret;
It leaves on us a lingering tear,
That we can never forget.

CHORUS.



TO MY OLD LOVE.

Oh, how long has that voice of thine,
Which has withered me from the bough
Which has tampered with the love of mine,
But I care not for thee now.
For those vows are fluttering with the gale,
And now all love it has expired;
But I refrain from telling the tale
From all loves sweet desire.
But withering from that feeling,
And yet my heart it does uphold
I have been forever consoling,
But still my heart grows more cold.
Oh, can I ever forget
That sweet loves embrace,
And yet I feign to regret
Those smiles upon thy face.

For deep in the embers of my heart,
Those feelings on me do impress,
It seems as though it never would depart,
But now, I care not for the rest.

Yet, it has been a weary pang on me,
With all those sighs of love at rest,
For I frowned all others to see,
And care nothing for all the rest.

Maybe thou art unfeeling
From all this loves happy bliss;
Yet from woes I am revealing,
And I long for love's sweet kiss.

But distantly far I do remember,
When you I did upbraid;
But now it seems to me like mourners
That are marching to the grave.

And if I had never seen anything untrue
From your vows of love and scorn,
Then I would have fancied none but you,
And our vows would have been untorn.

But now, from coldness and deceit,
Which has charred my heart to a brand;
But once I loved so fondly and so sweet,
But now I never can love again.

And when she went to chide me,
Her words were not the best;
And when I tried to explain to her
She said, I care not for the rest.

Then in haste and regret
Our parting was but thus;
And again we have never spoke
But I feel all the rest.

But when in love, had she been as fond
And as I had been as true,
Then, there would have been no wrong
To such as me or you.

For with all the world's deceit,
Woman has no decree;
Only to hide the action part
And cares not for wrong or misery.

When any one in love has vowed,
And has been wronged like me,
They'll know how much should be allowed
For a woman's love and pity.

She only cares her bust to show,
And her passion it does upheave;
She only lingers for a kiss to throw,
And some other one to deceive.

For those actions were so distinct
They were plainer than words ever spoken;
And could I again ever think
Of those vows again to ever be taken?

But bound in deceit and deception
That burns thy very bosom's core,
You have lost all of your affections
If you ever had any before.

'TIS BUT PAIN.

Only but now to weep and sigh,
And my feelings cause me pain,
Which was once, has withered and died,
And nothing seems the same.

For which was once my utmost treasures
From me have all fled;
Which once to me were pleasures,
Now are dead.

Can we again ever recall
That which has passed,
But it is like a picture on the wall,
That now wears a mask.

We are like the rose in foliage bloom,
But it is all from nature's course,
But we think we wither too soon
From our love and mirth.

We are only put here to bloom and die,
And only to weep and mourn;
But oh, how we hate to deny,
That our youth is gone.

When in old and humble age,
We must feel sad and forlorn.
For in pleasures we can't engage,
And then life must be but a thorn.

REGRET.

But, in regret and remorse
My heart still lingers there,
For to hear that sweet and loving voice
My heart sinks in despair

And from that youthful passion,
With all that tender feeling,
Then all that's love, looks more handsome
And is more consoling.

But oh, when in youth
We are so much more congenial,
Then we so often deny the truth
To hide our feelings.

But when our passion dies,
Then do we regret;
We then only weep, long and sigh
For that which others have got.

We would like to retrace
For that which we have had;
And we hate to see the smiles on the youthful face,
When ours are dead.

Oh, youth, the vain and fickle thing,
But still the sweetest of all jewels;
Oh, how we hate to be torn from pleasures ring,
For others to pursue us.

BY A KISS.

Thou art the dearest and sweetest one
And all my hopes on you I do bestow;
And if by chance you should love another one
My life would sink and die in woe.
For all the cares and sighs of life
'Tis all bound in this happy bliss,
For all the sorrows, woes and strifes,
Can only be soothed by a kiss.
What is all to me, this life and world
If from me you should be torn;
It would blight me from all my love and mirth,
And leave but a life of misery and scorn.
But when in after by-gone years
When age has pressed us on,
Will love then be as dear,
Or, will then, all love be gone.
It may be like a sweet and summer morn
And the sun in all its magic glows;
Or, it may be the warning of a storm;
For only its outer surface shows;
For I know not the feelings of thine,
Yet it may be only my own mistake,
For within that hidden love of mine
May be my only fate.
Now this hidden love of mine
Should it ever burden me,
Then I would wish I had left behind,
Where now I am so fond to be;
But with all this love and trueness,
'Tis all the world's happy bliss;
And there is nothing can soothe us
Like love's sweet kiss.

MY HEART SINKS IN WOE.

This cold and wintry blast,
With the driving and drifting snow,
It sticks to everything so tight and fast,
And my heart sinks in woe.

Now the forest trees are dim
And the limbs are bending low;
But now how I hate to look at them
For my heart sinks in woe.

And where the flowers used to bloom,
It is now all covered with snow,
And it gives me such a feeling of gloom,
That my heart sinks in woe.

If I had wealth and fortune,
Then I, like others could go;
But I've nothing but poverty and misfortune,
And so my heart sinks in woe.

Those that have plenty and millions,
They only shun me as I go;
And they sneer at the rags of my children,
And so my heart sinks in woe.

My little children come to me and cry,
And say, oh papa, can't we go?
The rich in style goes flying by,
And my heart sinks in woe.

But poverty and scorn, that is born to those
But oh, how I fear the blow
And my children has to share with the fate of those,
And so my heart sinks in woe.

If I had been born where fortune smiles
And luck had not been my foe,
Then I could live in pleasures styles,
And not had this broken heart of woe.



TO AN END.

The mind is dark and desolate,
And in woes are bleeding;
Yet I perceive the mistake,
But the heart on those are feeding.

But the heart throbs and goes,
And the blood gushes to the brain,
And it only feeds another's woes,
Which is the mother of pain.

Can I again ever be
Which once I have been?
And can I again ever see,
Those woes to an end?

For now 'tis nothing but misery,
'Tis nothing but woe;
'Tis nothing but sorrow,
Wherever I go.

THE RISING MOON.

The moon is rising in the east,
And the blazing sun is gone;
And we are with pleasures pleased,
Till the coming of the morn.

It drives the toils to joys,
With all the sparkling rays;
It makes fun for the girls and boys,
For together they like to play.

But from the hidden shadows of the sun,
And from the moon's pale lighs,
There's where many pleasures are first begun
From the shadows of the night.

For there's many a vow that's taken,
And many a wish that's given;
And many a vow that's broken,
And in woes are driven.

But the moon it tells no tales,
Nither of woes or joys;
If it did you'd want a book as big as a whale,
And leave out the girls and boys.

For the girls and boys
They like the night for loving,
And they like to be out of sight,
Where no one can see them hugging.

Nothing but the poet's sight,
So much admires nature's way,
From the shadows of the moonlight,
Broken by the dawn of day.

IT IS PRIDE.

Oh life, the vain and fickle thing,
With pride and passion;
Oh, how we will strive to live,
And keep up with the fashion.

We will degrade our morals,
And we will blur our names,
In the mark of forgery,
To keep up with the pride of fame.

Oh style and fashion;
Ah, so narrow is thy name
For those who try to imitate it,
Generally slaughter the same.

Oh, what to human life
Is better than his good name,
And live a true and virtuous life,
And be free from all shame.

For once thy life is blighted,
It is never again the same,
For it will never be forgotten,
And will always carry the stain.

We should not uphold criminals,
When immoral acts they do,
It is only the marks of hell,
And is not heavenly true.

DECORATION TO SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

Oh, how sweet it is to live,
When all the pleasures around us spread,
And how sweet it is to give
And to strew flowers to the dead.

They were captives in their right,
And from the battlefield they have fled,
And for their country they did fight,
But now they are dead.

So strew flowers on their graves,
And hoist up high the banner;
For the country they have saved,
And hold their names in honor.

So give them the praise,
For many a poor one has wept and died;
And never forgot the place
Nor the poor widows that mourned and cried.

In the hard field of battle
They were the heroes in the strife,
They were used worse than cattle,
And had to battle for their lives.

Many days have been numbered,
Since that battle strife,
And there are many that slumber
Weary from the march of life.

But now, green grows the sod
Over many a soldier's grave;
And we can sing many praises to God,
For the freedom which they gave.

So, strew flowers on the soldiers graves;
Little children too, should remember the day,
For the country they have saved
And give to them their freedom and liberty.



PASSED LIFE.

Oh, how soon I have seen my life wither away,
And my pleasures one by one have fled;
But now, I can only truly say,
Which once, all I loved, is dead.
For when I chase back o'er my early scenes,
Only something half forgotten remains;
It seems like some inexpressible dream,
That you never can tell twice the same.



SORROW.

Does sadness add to peace
Or, does grief only feed another's woes;
What will yield to one's minds relief
Some others heart can't bestow.

CALENDAR WEEK.

There are seven days in a calendar week
And that is all we can claim;
We will take three days for grief,
One for sunshine and rain;
We'll add one more for recreation and relief
And two more for pain.

So now, you have the calendar week.
And the months will figure the same;
And every year it will add more grief
To a man's sorrow and pain.
So what is all this life of strife?
And what do us poor mortals gain,
When you figure from his life
The sorrows, woes and pain.

For it matters not what a man is worth,
Nor how great is his name of fame;
At the end he can claim no more of his mother earth
Than some poor paupers name.
But oh, how we work and strive in vain,
To keep this weary life along;
But we are only swallowed up in pain
And we are forever gone,

But oh, how we will weep, mourn and sigh,
As our friends one by one they go;
But we are all born to die
And they have only paid the debt we owe.
So now you have the calendar week,
And the months they figure the same,
And every year it will add more grief
To a man's sorrow and pain.

I REMEMBER.

I remember when I used to play under those willows,
It seems now like a dream to me,
When the frogs were croaking in the meadow,
With the wild hum of the bee.

And where we used to go swimming,
My schoolmates and me,
Where the frogs were always singing,
In their discords of sweet melodies.

Then I used to roam the forest
Among the wild birds and bees,
And hear those sweet echoing noises
That chimed the chords of melody.



YOUTH.

It was in youth when the atmosphere was fine,
And the sun showed its radiant beams,
And the days of youth had not declined,
And life was the fountain of a voluptuous dream.



THE GOLDEN PEN.

Oh those mental strains of wisdom,
Those heart-broken days;
There may be another kingdom
That may vibrate the other way.
So take this life in all and all,
It may be my golden pen;
For withered leaves are sure to fall,
But fresh are sure to come again.

PASSED ON.

We wither in age,
And sigh for rest;
Our lives are in the second stage,
Which is not the best.

We think not when we are passing on
From woes, sorrow or song,
That our lives are so quickly gone,
And we are the old and humble ones.

Some wish themselves back
And some think they are as young as ever,
'Tis only like the prints of a track,
For they can't endeavor.



THE ANT.

Oh, you ant, so slim and gaunt,
Your days are but few, your life is but scant,
But you dig your hole with the utmost control
And there you live, both strong and bold.

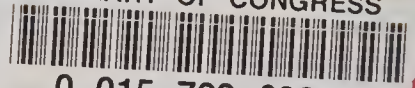


CARELESS.

The more I think,
The less I bear,
The longer I live,
The less I care.

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